



The Second Oddity
Seat Man: Human Chair

The
Authoress
Kijou
Yoshiko



HAVE A
GOOD-
DAY.



AN ELITE OFFICIAL
OF A HUSBAND LEAVING
HIS MAGNIFICENT
SUBURBAN RESIDENCE
WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL,
NOTABLE FEMALE WRITER
OF A WIFE SENDING HIM
OFF EVERY MORNING.
HUH...





WHAT A
REMARKABLE
LIKENESS TO
THE PAINTED
IMAGE OF
A HAPPY
FAMILY.



.....



SO,
WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY BE
TROUBLING THE
LADY BLESSED
WITH SUCH
FELICITY?



MOREOVER, THE
INSIGHT INTO THIS
KIND OF INDIVIDUALS
SEEM TO BE PART OF
EDOSAWA RANPO
-SENSEI'S SPECIALTY...
HENCE MY REQUEST
FOR YOUR
ASSISTANCE SIR.

NORMALLY,
THIS SORT OF
MATTER WOULD
BE CONSULTED
WITH MY HUSBAND,
BUT WITH HIS DAILY
GOVERNMENTAL
DUTIES, I DO NOT
WISH TO BURDEN
HIS WEARY
SHOULDER
FURTHER.

AND
THANKS TO
THAT, I HAVE
BEEN RECEIVING
LETTERS
CONTAINING
ENCOURAGEMENT,
OPINIONS AND
SO FORTH FROM
MANY READERS
LATELY.

AS
YOU ARE
AWARE OF,
MY IDENTITY
AS A WRITER
WAS MADE
PUBLIC.



AN
UNSET-
TLING
LETTER
...?



MORE-
OVER, IT
SPANS A
DOZEN
PAGES OF
MANU-
SCRIPT
PAPER.



THE OTHER
DAY.. AMONG
THOSE LETTERS I
RECEIVED..THERE
WAS THIS ODDLY
UNSETTLING
LETTER.

AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME,
I SHALL CONFESS TO YOU
THIS BIZARRE SIN OF MY DOING.
FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, I HAD
CONCEALED MYSELF FROM THE
HUMAN WORLD, LIVING EACH DAY
TRULY LIKE A DEMON. NATURALLY,
THERE IS NOT A SINGLE SOUL
UNDER THE SKY THAT HAS
KNOWLEDGE OF MY DEED.
IF IT IS NOT FOR THIS,
I PROBABLY WOULD NOT
HAVE RETURNED TO THE
WORLD OF THE LIVING,
FOREVER REMAINING
IN SUCH STATE.



I
HUMBLY PRAY
THAT YOU
FORGIVE THIS
MIM, WHOSE
EXISTENCE
YOU ARE NOT
AWARE OF.
FOR THE CRIME OF
ABSOLUTELY
CONSIDERING
THIS IMPUDENT
LETTER TO
YOU.

DEAR
MADAM,

YES...THE
OPENING
SPEECH WAS
WRITTEN
AS SUCH,





IT WAS SO DISTURBING THAT I HAD A STRONG FEELING THAT I SHOULD NOT READ ANY FURTHER.

...I ONLY HAD TO READ IT UP TO THIS POINT BEFORE I WAS OVERCOME WITH THIS SENSE OF DREADFUL FOREBODING.



THE FACT THAT IT WAS WRITTEN IN MANUSCRIPT PAPER IS ALSO VERY INTRIGUING.

IT'S CERTAINLY ODD TO START THE LETTER BY ADDRESSING HER AS "MADAM"... NORMALLY ONE WOULD EXPECT "SENSEI" TO BE USED.



"I HAVE POSSESSED THIS FRIGHTFULLY HORRIBLE APPEARANCE SINCE BIRTH."



"PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU TO RECALL THE DETAILS OF OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER."



UNDERSTOOD. FROM HERE ONWARDS I SHALL READ IT OUT FOR YOU.



This feeling,
to my belief,
is it not dissimilar
to that of
an artist?

I may be rather brüsen
for someone who was
born in a family of
furniture makers,
but when it concerns
chairmaking I
consist to say
that my skill is
second to none



IT
IS
SPLEN-
DID.

As an artist
through and
through, I
poured my
most earnest
efforts into
making
exquisite
chairs.



For someone as ugly as I am there was probably nothing more enjoyable than watching reality and reliving myself in the world of fiction...

I WONDER WHO SHE IS...

My desire, ever so simple at first. In the heat of reverie, it was when I gave wings to Delusion, that its hold which was buried in the depths of madness, then, began to stir.

IF I COULD HELP IT, I WOULD NEVER PART FROM YOU.

HAVING CAUGHT WIND OF YOUR REPUTATION, SHE DECIDED TO COME DOWN HERE HERSELF. SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE.

It was then... when before me,

TODAY I HAVE BROUGHT OUR HONOURABLE CUSTOMER HERE.

MASTER, THE BOSS IS HERE.

THIS IS THE GRAFTSMAN TROOP.

before my undeserving eyes, appeared that person.

GOOD DAY.

It
took
only
one
glance
to
fall
in
love.

MY VOCATION
REQUIRES THAT
I SIT FOR LONG
PERIODS OF TIME.
SO I WOULD LIKE A
CHAIR THAT IS
COMFORTABLE
FOR MY BODY
TO BE MADE.



Yes... without
right to my
own chair. I
had suddenly
suddenly
fallen in love
with the
retired
Madam

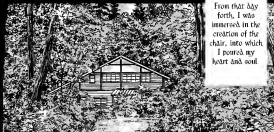
I am
that
lowly
chair
maker

WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING
BOY?

THEN I'LL
LEAVE IT
IN YOUR
HANDS







From that day forth, I was immersed in the creation of the chair, into which I poured my heart and soul.



Truly...
The original
feeling that
I held was
genuinely
pure.



THIS
CHAIR WILL
DEFINITELY
PLEASE YOU,
MADAM.



MADAM



I WILL
BE THE
ONE
WHO
MAKES
HER
CHAIR.

DON'T
TOUGH
THAT
CHAIR
YOU FOOL!
YOU'LL
DIRTY
IT

The event
that completely
transformed me
into a wicked
demon.

It was when
the long-awaited
supreme article
was reaching its
completion...

That day
when Mādam
came down
to the
workshop
to check its
progress.

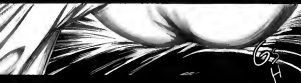


Your
beautiful
fingers
on my
chair.

HOW
SOFT.

I WONDER
IF I COULD
TRY SITTING
IN IT?

I SUPPOSE
THIS IS THE
CHAIR YOU HAVE
BEEN MAKING
FOR ME.



Just like an
infant being
held in its
mother's
bosom, a
maiden in
her lover's
embrace...

Ooh... how
I want to
envelope
Madam the
same way the
chair does...

FUU





With a heart so
tender, treated
you no one as
inferior, not even
an insightful
craftsman such
as myself.



I LOOK
FORWARD
TO ITS
COMPLE-
TION.



Before such
an angel...
ahh,
how tempted
I was to
commit an
atrocious act.



No, it
was exactly
because of
how angelic
you were...





I completely tore
apart the very
armchair which I
especially made for
you in haste.



WHAT
COULD
THE PLAN
OF
THE DEVIL
BE??



There
it was,
the
madness.



IT'S A BIG
ARMCHAIR
THIS LEVEL
OF TRICK
IS CHILD'S
PLAY





Soon after its completion, the company's delivery man came to take it



It had always been his job in any case.

The delivery details were then left to my apprentice to handle.



As usual, he loaded the chair onto a cart, however the difference was...

the house postcard & MURDER
looking for a new one to do.
I can see it on the web page.
<http://www.murder.com/1000>

what's the point of a
murder? (and I already
killed a lot of people)
I'm a Christian. I'm
a good person. I'm
a good person. I'm
a good person. I'm

HOW
LOVELY!!
IT'S FINALLY
COMPLETE.





THIS
TEXTURE
FEELS
WONDERFUL
TO THE
TOUCH.

ON A
WHOLE...
IT IS VERY
COMFORTABLE
TO SIT ON.

IN-
DEED.

AS
EXPECTED
OF A MASTER
CRAFTSMAN.

your lissom
shoulders
leaning
exactly
against
my chest,

your twin
graceful
hands
resting
lightly on
top of
mine,

your soft,
full breech
pressing
down with
a pleasant
weight on
my thighs
...

*My veritably
grotesque lust
was thus realised
in this manner.
Perhaps you had
already been
aware of it?*

Drifting from
the nape of your
neck with an
indescribable
sweet fragrance
of the warmed
woman.



!!

I had
been
hiding
inside
your
chair!!



Thus this
body, this
skin, had
been soaking
in your
warmth.

Since
that
day,

I had been
together
with you
constantly.

I waited until
you retired to
sleep and then
I took care of
my meals and the
call of nature.

PLEASE

When you
were deep
in thought,
when you
were in
language.

Apart from
that, your
little figure
was always
on top of me.

When...
you were
aching...



I had
supported
all of you!!



Your
weight,
your
flesh,

your...
oooh...
your





I
A
M
Y
O
U
R
C
H
A
I
R
!!!

I wanted
to let you
know no
matter
what!!!



Ash,
this...
my
existence
...



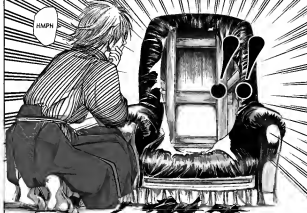
My love is
such that
I exist in
stillness to
encompass
your body.



FROM NOW
ON AS WELL,
FOREVER...AND
EVER AND
EVER AND
EVER...







HMPH



HOWEVER,
DO YOU
REALLY
THINK THAT
SOMETHING
AS ABSURD
AS LIVING
IN HERE IS
POSSIBLE?

CER-
TAINLY,
IT SEEMS
TO HAVE
ENOUGH
ROOM TO
FIT A MAN
INSIDE...



MOST
LIKELY IT
WAS JUST
A NASTY
PRANK TO
SCARE
MADAM.

AT THIS
POINT, WE
DON'T
REALLY
KNOW
WHETHER
IT WAS
TRUE
OR NOT.







We
will be
together...
forever...
Madam...

